

We Need a Myth

Okkervil River

We need a myth
We need an amethyst bridge
We need a high hanging cliff
Jump, fall and lift
We can make it

But we need a myth
We need a path through the mist
Like in our beds, we were just kids
Like what was said by our parents

A myth
'Cause what we're after is just this
A myth
'Cause what we're after is just this

We need a myth
I feel my heart's like a fist
Words spilling out of the blessed lips
Of any prophet or goddess

I need a myth
Brought back to life by a kiss
Scrape away grey cement
Show me the world as it was again

As it was in a myth
A red ribbon to reconnect
The lady's head to her neck
And to forget that her throat was ever slit

'Cause what we're after is just this
It's a myth
'Cause what we're after is just this

And I'm sick of all these picture books that try
To steal some old reflections for their light
But desperate measures point to desperate times
And that's why
We need a myth

We're cut adrift
We need a mass uplift
The world is trembling and weeping
Just at the point of believing

In a myth
The sun that shines on my head
The moon that lights me to bed
Were two identical twins

Inside of a myth
I heard the voice of a friend
On Lethe's banks, wading in
And he said,